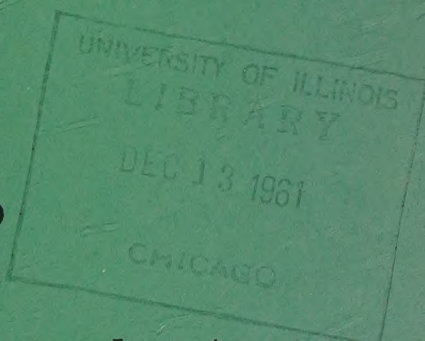
A large, dark outline of the state of Illinois serves as a background for the entire page. The text is centered within this outline.

Illinois English Bulletin

Some of the Best Illinois
High School Poetry of 1960



ILLINOIS ASSOCIATION OF
TEACHERS OF ENGLISH

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Some of the Best Illinois High School Poetry of 1960

Selected by Drs. Eugene Waffle, Gladys Ekeberg, and Elmer Brooks
Department of English, Eastern Illinois University

Once again the editors of the *Bulletin* and the members of the Association are indebted to Drs. Waffle, Ekeberg, and Brooks for the time they have spent and the care they have exercised in selecting from the great number of poems submitted those which we here print as "some of the best."

Dr. Brooks, writing for the committee, says of the poems submitted that

... they are so good that we only regret you cannot get more of them into the *Bulletin*. I personally thought the student craftsmanship was a little more careful than last year; and I believe the variety of subject matter was a little wider. We were delighted to note that sometimes five or six students from the same school could produce superior work.

....

Our gratitude goes to the many participants in the contest. They make us think better days are ahead for poetry.

NIGHT

We are the lovers
sitting patiently
folded hands
waiting for Night.

Lost in the anonymity
of Day, wishing for the
black curtain to slowly draw . . .

Our love
 our hope, our future
becomes,
with the Day,
a humdrum
existence—
of dirty dishes,
adding machines,
popsicles, groceries,
necessity.

But as Night approaches
 on a wafting breeze
 of ambrosia and honey
the world slumbers . . .
 others rest, sleep, work . . .
Ours is the time for love.

The beauty of darkness
under the shifting boughs
 meadows
 fields
chill of first dew;
 above all,
 stars . . . in heavens
 stars . . . in eyes
light the Night brighter
than a thousand days.

And our love
 in the blackness
is a glowing sun.

KARLA HOSHOR, twelfth, Arlington H. S., Arlington Heights
Virginia Harrod, teacher

AFTER THOUGHT

Walk over the once rolling hills
That have vanished.
Walk into the vast crater,
Excavated in an instant
By the monster bomb.
See a sight they never saw,
Those who lived before it came;
Those who ran in frightened panic
As the birds of death droned overhead;
Those who lived and breathed before;
Those who cheated time's grim prophecy;
Those who unto dust did not return;
Who in an instant vaporized,
Whose disjoined molecules
Rose upward in a swirling cloud.
Think of these.
Then think of man;
Man who subjugates the lowly animals;
Mighty man who rules the world.
Think of the animals
Who have not destroyed uncounted thousands
Of their guiltless comrades.
Think of two thousand years of civilization;
Think of the time when the great voice will ask
"And how have you progressed?"
How shall we answer?

WILBUR CORBIN, twelfth, Spalding Institute, Peoria
Sister Louise, teacher

THE PICTURE

She dabbled playfully on the yellow canvas,
 A child, who young and carefree captured unknowingly
 The unutterable image of her thoughts.
 A child, whose own misery and grievances
 Shew forth on the canvas—
 The only picture her mind would remember.
 A child, whose rags and dirty garments
 Hung loosely on her bony frame,
 A child, whose fingers splotched the paper with sloppy skill—
 Whose unguided hand created before her
 The sadness and dirt that she could only remember.
 Creating a representation of other children, other people,
 Other homes and battlefields—other streets.
 Creating unknowingly the only picture she could remember
 And would only see in years to come—
 A child, still young and ignorant,
 Who created a mature image
 Of sadness and truth.

SUE BUEHLING, tenth, Glenbrook H. S., Northbrook
 Susan Glatzer, teacher

BOREDOM

Boredom wanders
 aimlessly
 across
 the mind,
 silently,
 comfortably ebbing
 from the reflections of thinkers,
 gently purging thoughts
 free
 for the dark,
 deteriorating
 calm
 of
 nothingness.

MARGARET DROLET, eleventh, St. Francis Academy, Joliet
 Sister Elizabeth Marie, O.S.F., teacher

REMEMBRANCE

A quiet day,
A quiet song,
A solitude,
A friend along.
Another time
This all will be
A happy thought,
A memory.
For there are times
When one depends
On distant thoughts—
Recalling friends;
When one must think
Of moments past
Because a life
Has moved too fast.
Then hoarded stores
Of memories
Are sacred for
Eternities.

ANNE KASSEL, eleventh, Oak Park—River Forest H. S.
Clara King, teacher

THE SILENCE

The silence is breathing,
Speaking no word.
Its life is so soundless
Nothing is stirred.

The silence just stands there
With its mouth shut.
It's waiting and listening,
Listening for what?

ANN WOBBE, twelfth, Maine Twp. H. S. West, Des Plaines
Anne Lauterbach, teacher

LONELY SILVER MAPLE

Far away,
On the top of a hill,
Stands a lonely silver maple.
As the wind rushes through its leaves
Of sparkling silver,
They spin and tumble to the ground.

Now beneath
This lonely tree,
Lies a silver blanket of leaves.
Its arms are cold and bare,
But its feet are warmed
By the silver blanket of leaves.

As spring comes again,
Buds pop out,
Like silver popcorn,
In the warm sun.

DENNY SWENSON, tenth, East H. S., Rockford
Adele Johnson, teacher

NATURE'S CONCERT

I heard a concert playing for me
As I sat on a hill overlooking the sea.
The waves made a rippling sound in the wind
Like the beautiful voice of a soft violin;
The crash of waves hitting the rocks on the shore
Were like drums rolling out with a deafening roar;
A soft breeze whistling through an old pine tree
Echoed the flutes I could almost see.
I shall always remember as long as I live
The beautiful concert I heard Nature give.

MIKE PETERSON, twelfth, East H. S., Rockford
Jeanne Claeys, teacher

SILLY KITTEN

The kitten's beautiful fur
 Is the exact color of
 Steel wool.
Her luminous chartreuse eyes
 Search
Every corner of the room to make
Sure that
 No possible adventure
Is left unexplored.
She is never bothered by
 French verbs
 or
 English novels;
The most interesting thing
In her life is
 A crazy game
 Of peek-a-boo
Played around an old stuffed livingroom chair.
 Her saucy prance
Seems to be trying to tell
 Everyone,
"I'm the most important thing
In the world."
 Silly kitten!

LYNN BOWSER, tenth, Urbana H. S.
Evelyn Burgett, teacher

THE GIG

A nagging, clumping, groovy phrase
The searching sound a combo makes
Piano builds, for sax to raze
A nagging, clumping, groovy phrase
The bass strolls glibly through the maze
The acid horns ski down the breaks
A nagging, clumping, groovy phrase
The searching sound a combo makes

GORDON BERRY, eleventh, Naperville Comm. H. S.
Leona McBride, teacher

UNLEAVING

Crystallized stillness
Hangs over all, bathed in bits
Of sparkling sun glints.
Tobacco-colored tongues of parchment
Drip molten gold and breathe cinder fire.
Rustling Russets remember
Reins of vibrant verdure.
Crimson cries,
 "Remember?"

Silver spiderwebs
In moonlight spangle
Dew-spattered grapevines.
Bittersweet Spirals spread smoky spice
And languidly caress the Blackness.
Fire jewels glow and smolder.
Flame flower bursts, then dies.
Night Breeze sighs,
 "Why Good-Bye?"

JUDY MATZ, twelfth, Maine Twp. H. S. West, Des Plaines
Anne Lauterbach, teacher

LATE OCTOBER

The auburn grasses bow from singing winds.
Amid these dying blades exists no more
The humming galaxy of minute life:
The winged, the crawling, all have ceased to be.
But no, a butterfly still hugs its blade!
Its gaudy wings move sluggishly with cold.
In discord with the windwild somber scene
It waits for warmth, for summer's warmth, and dies.

SANDRA GREER, tenth, Rock Island H. S.
Neola Kubicek, teacher

SMALL WORLD DESTROYED

The frosty dawn came and together they rose;
Together assembled, though many were foes;
Together set out for the great task ahead,
And by their appointed, together were led.

Their immediate task was to build a small hill;
A hill to protect them from night's hoary chill,
A hill where they'd store their most valuable spoil
Collected by all, by dint of long toil.

As an army they worked, as a phalanx in file,
Their labor began to create a great pile.
Of the component structure each carried a part,
And finally it was finished—hours after the start.

Then up the road where the tiny hill lay,
Trode nature's perfection, a man, on his way.
His foot crushed the hill he had casually spied;
Together they'd lived, now together they died.

POLLY BARKER, tenth, Roycemore School, Evanston
L. P. Scriggins, teacher

SHOES

There are shoes worn from travel,
Torn to thin ragged threads;
Shoes chewed by puppies,
And flung under beds.

Shoes for occasions like parties and proms,
Tennis and fishing, errands for 'moms',
Climbing up mountains and wading through pools,
Riding on horseback, and going to school.

Shoes to fit feet of all types and sorts,
Shoes must have style-metatarsal supports!
The life of a shoe is uncertain, you see,
It depends on the feet—where they want to be.

LINDA DAUW, tenth, Villa de Chantal, Rock Island
Sister Marie Benigna, teacher

THE FORTY NINERS

The sight of gold,
in nuggets or dust,
an' not a brother
could ya trust.
We died of thirst
an' choked on dust.
O' we were the forty niner's!

We left St. Joe
and the horses jumped
to go to the west,
but soon they humped
as day after day
the tom-toms thumped
from Apache Warriors yonder,

The world awoke
As we went on,
but still we checked
at every dawn
to see how many
had gone on
away from the forty-niner's.

Just one more day,
just one more kill,
keep on going
if you are ill
an' forget about
poor ole Bill
who died of Apache arrows.

Then we made it!
We kissed the earth.
We worked and toiled
in oddest mirth,
for we knew we'd
won the West
for the world and the forty niner's.

PHIL GOULD, tenth, Richwoods Comm. H. S., Peoria Heights
Vonna Lou Shelton, teacher

LAZY LIKE

Lazy like a . . .
 falling
 leaf,
 from lofty branch
 gently tumbled
 by Autumn's breath.

Lazy like a . . .
 deep blue sky,
 softly nudged
 by clouds
 of white.

Lazy like a . . .
 breaking crest
 of sea,
 rolled by
 winds,
 capped with
 white,

Lazy like . . . me.

HARRY MENTON, twelfth, University H. S., Normal
Ruth Stroud, teacher

DISCOVERY

I wandered on a wild-grown path,
Toward the distant town.
And passing, plucked a fairy rose
To grace my somber gown.
Its petals were of crimson silk,
Its leaves of golden hue;
I shielded it most jealously
From everyone I knew.
I shared it with myself alone
And hastened all the day;
But ere I reached the town, my rose
Had withered quite away.

VICTORIA RANDALL, eleventh, Glenbrook H. S., Northbrook
William Miller, teacher

TIME

Time . . .

is elusive, encompassing—
subordinate to no living thing.

unstoppable, irrepressible,
plodding slowly by decimal.

Time . . .

is always
in the present progressive tense.

Man . . .

is forever
trying to confine it within a fence,
trying to control,
tamper with and withhold it.

Man is a fool—

time is not meant to be his tool.

STEVE BRAUCH, ninth, Glenbrook H. S., Northbrook
Charles Ruggless, teacher

DEATH'S FACE

It sleets—

An icy rain

Runs down the pane like tears

That trace a path across the face

Of death.

VIRGINIA NORTON, eleventh, Naperville Comm. H. S.
Leona McBride, teacher

A FIRE IN THE NIGHT

For long months it lies in a bed of machinery;
Long months of uselessness and inanimation;
Long months of lying on its back while men
 beat and hammer on its sides with almost
 loving care.
And then, a birth as for the first time it stands
 alone on its feet, tall and erect,
A silvery rocket by day,
A white, luminous tower by night, returning the shine
 of a fearful moon.
In the darkness the tower shouts,
"O moon, tomorrow I shall blacken that eye
Which for so many years has looked down on my mother,
 the earth.
O fearful moon, tomorrow I shall loosen those teeth
Which you show as you laugh at us.
Smile and laugh now, for tomorrow night you shall do
 neither."

With the dawn, activity overruns the proud tower,
And it is lost in the scurry of the tiny ants
 which give it life.
It seems to grow in stature throughout the day.
With the night comes the pulling of a lever and
 the pushing of a button.
Fire at the bottom brings a leap from this proud
 giant,
A leap which carries it far into the night.
It becomes an acrobat, doing flips by the light
 of its own destruction,
A fire in the night.

In a town a child squeals with delight as fireworks
 high in the sky brighten her first Fourth of July,
And in the fields the ants each carry the proud
 giant in their cupped hands,
While the omnipresent moon watches and illuminates
 the sky with a victorious grin.

GARY LAWLER, eleventh, Freeport H. S.
Mary Luebbing, teacher

EMANCIPATION

Out of the golden, sunstruck top
 Out of the gray, lusterless bottom

Whirling,

Centrifuged until inseparably fused,
 A formless mass for hands to shape.

Silver hands that stroke and leave glowing silv'ry powder wherever
 they touch, living dust, but dust freed from choke.

Black hands, pushing hands, sticky and slimy with slippery mud and
 shining tar that beguiles, but leave a smirch that must wear off.

And from somewhere, perhaps the golden top,
 perhaps the gray bottom,
 but more likely

Eternity,

the breath is blown,
 and the breath begins to circulate
 in the mass shaped by silver and
 black hands.

Round and round, as the mass is shaped somemore by
 hands.

Now a tight

knot in the corner,

now a field of inescapable rays, bombarding the shell
 that is being shaped by hands.

And a ray gets out, loose, free, joyous in the ecstasy of self-
 determination

And the ray enters something—and the clay mass bends softly, and
 oozes from between the fingers of the hand, and follows the
 direction of the ray.

The hands grasp to shape,

But more rays escape, and the clay yields and follows strongly.

Yet the hands seek, and their heat is

Drying,

And the clay loses moisture.

Cry! Look and Weep!

The clay will not bend as easily.

HARDER—

SLOWLY—

BUT HARDER,

And the rays cannot escape easily.

STIFFER,

And the hands work frantically in triumph of possession, work frantically to beat the

DRYING clay. Work frantically, like the untalented sculptor with the tortured mind full of great art to express.

Try to make it good—

No, I'll never do it!

What's the use!

Bake it quickly,

DRYING,
DRYING,
DRYING,

HARD, STIFF, UNYIELDING.

Put it upon the dusty shelf with the other "Almosts."

But I will break you, little statue. I will smash your still and stunted shape into shards, and grind these shards with my heel,

Grinding,

Grinding.

With my teeth clenched in hate and love, and my cheeks taut, in anger, over my jawbones, I will grind, and feel

Pain, and ecstasy in the pain which I feel in every fiber of my being,

And emptiness, the ache of an emptiness accompanied only by the moan of the soul,

And inexpressible fullness!

And I will grind and stomp, until your hollow ray-less shell is a pile of dust, and your rays are salvaged from the eternity in the dust, to dart freely about the world, and strike clay shells on their outsides.

SUSAN LEICH, twelfth, Glenbrook H. S., Northbrook
John Murphy, teacher

HAIKU

Cruel naked trees
with gnarled, icy fingers
scratch the sullen sky.

CINDY PARKER, eleventh, West H. S., Rockford
Maud Weinschenk, teacher

CONCERTO

The timpani sends out its strain,
It sounds so mild, then strong, then gains.
And from amongst the violins
A mighty strum, a hum begins.
It sounds majestic, splendid.

Behold, the clarinets do revel.
Their tune is merry, mirthful, level.
And lo, there sounds the tranquil horn,
A new, a mournful, song is born.
It holds its note, suspended.

Listen! The flute begins its trill.
The note is mild, so soft and still.
And there that note is lost in space,
Then is picked up and set ablaze.
The tune is now amended.

'Tis the bugles—rustic, robust.
They are tumultuous, strong, and just
In trying to their song fulfill.
And then, a hush, a whisper till—
The cymbals clash, their song is ended.

HILDE MARTIN, eleventh, Gridley H. S.

FINALITY

Full day,
its plug of life
let out, pours down the drain
into the black and empty depths
of night.

DON THOMPSON, twelfth, Peoria H. S.
Emily Rice, teacher

SUCCESS?

Two men started up
the hill of fame,
and as they passed along the way
the second man stooped
to pluck a flower,
but the first man strode forward.

Two men continued up
the hill of fame,
and the rains came;
the second man tasted the cool drops
on his lips,
but the first man strode forward.

Two men were going up
the hill of success,
and the mighty sun shone above them;
the second man half stripped
and was bronzed,
but the first man strode forward.

Two men were striving up
the hill of success,
and the snows fell;
the second man took up the flakes
and packed a ball,
but the first man strode forward.

Two men reached the summit
of the hill of fame,
and the second man, with contented smile,
said to the first,
"Couldn't have asked for a
more enjoyable trip."

The now gray-haired first man
looked forward;
the hill only went down, down;
he wanted to return whence he came,
but there was only darkness . . .
life had passed.

CAROLYN COYNE, tenth, Villa de Chantal, Rock Island
Sister Marie Benigna, teacher

THE BIRTH OF A CHILD

In 1776 a child was born
At the climax of a bloody year.
His birth brought sighs of gladness
Amid shouts of joy and cheer.

His mother's name was Patience,
His father was known as Pride,
Liberty and Democracy
Were ancestors on each side.

His birth certificate was written
With the flourish of a pen
Held by Thomas Jefferson,
One of our finest men.

He grew in wisdom and stature,
He wasn't a child for long.
He learned the meaning of charity
And hated oppression and wrong.

He welcomes all men to his bosom,
Is always a friend indeed.
All strangers become his children,
Regardless of race or creed.

Did I tell you I'm related?
And how very proud I am
To be able to tell you all about
My "Dear Old Uncle Sam"!

NANCY BARNETT, ninth, Mendota H. S.
Maude Strauss, teacher

ADVENIT

How softly the white, shimmering snow comes
On tender wisps of wind; it bows the trees to greet Him.

How shall I greet Him?
I have my eyes to reflect His glory.
I have my lips to praise Him,
Hands to tell the blind the story,
A heart more valuable than any gift.

How majestically the glittering tree stands,
Pointing upward, with all its colors, to the pure white of Him.

The warm, delicate poinsettia
Portrays His life in its colors;
The green foretells His coming,
The red proclaims His death,
The gold lauds His glory,
Forever and ever.

KAREN FLESVIG, twelfth, Morgan Park H. S., Chicago
Patrick Butler, teacher

CONSCIENCE

He preys upon the sickened soul,
With robust spirit, the wicked troll.
He teases with his justice blind
And ever haunts the guilty mind.
The grotesque gremlin laughs with glee,
As often cringing, we yet flee.
He would follow where'er we go
And taunt us with forgotten woe.
He whispers of the stones we've cast.
Only from him are we set free,
When wrong is right, which cannot be.

SUSAN HOLLOWELL, ninth, Charleston H. S.
Nellie Wiseman, teacher

LIMELIGHT

Now I, in the cold limelight of the rain,
See my paper castles-in-the-sky
Melt, my rusted dreams swirl down the drain.

(What if I, this autumn day, should die?):
Bathed in the bleaching glare of a spotlight sun,
I stand on this stage of earth—try

To project my faltering words to oblivion
And a distant audience of stars.
Now that the play of my life is begun,

I must act my thousand roles. (Scars
Are mere collodion, pillows cushion falls,
Automatic pianos and guitars

Tinkle on. So the pasteboard walls
Shield me from the backstage world of night).
Only, here there are no curtain calls,

No recurrence of applause or light.

BARBARA HUNTER, twelfth, Evanston Twp. H. S.
Barbara Pannwitt, teacher

NIGHT

Night
 is an envelope,
 sealed by the sunset,
Enclosed are the world's secrets
 sheltered by darkness.
Dawn
 breaks the seal.
Daybreak
 searches its contents.

WILLIAM PFISTER, twelfth, University H. S. Normal
Ruth Stroud, teacher

CAPTURE THE WIND

The Wind crept 'round the Old South Wall
And traced the path to the shore of the Sea.
Obsessed by her promise, he followed the call
Which lured him, tempted him: "Come to me."

Harnessed by night and saddled by day,
He roamed the fields of the countryside
And longed to feel the fresh, cool spray
Of surf and mist and rising tide.

He longed to sweep over rushing surf,
To splash her waves on a sandy bed.
Just a ray of hope, a stream of mirth
Was the Sea to the Wind in this world of dread.

Her passionate fury in caps of foam
Called him forth from the forest of night,
And he stood in silence on a rocky dome,
Stunned by her beauty in the moonlight.

Enticed by her charms, lured by desire,
He leaped from his peak to answer her call—
And the love which burned and turned him to fire
Was frozen to ice after the fall.

PAMELA BRAUN, twelfth, Oak Park—River Forest H. S.
Lola Bane, teacher

DISILLUSIONMENT

Once upon a summer time, I thought I held the key
To life and love; this sweet, sweet madness all but
 blinded me.
But summer's dreams, like summer's sun, fade swiftly
 in the fall;
And now I watch the snowflakes drift and dream no
 dreams at all.

DIANE SWENSON, twelfth, West H. S., Rockford
Marjorie Brittain, teacher

SPRING

Spring has come with its muted, melodious accents
on the soft air.
It has come with fresh life showing itself in every-
thing on which life has ever breathed:
In the soft haze of baby grass.
In the frail, just-created new leaves.
In the still-piquant-not-yet-sweet
shades of the first flowers.
The age-old song of all Creation—the song of Birth
and Rebirth—sounds again.
Spring has come with fresh air and new things and the
promise of new excitements.
It has come and has given new being to the inert and
dead.
In the soft, crisp blue of a thawing
Lake Michigan.
In the warm, tender clouds in the new
sky.
In the free, “elastic” spring air.
The age-old song of the Earth—the song of all hope—
of all joys—of all promise—sounds again.

HELEN GRUNDELAND, twelfth, Senn H. S., Chicago
Grace Lindahl, teacher

PORTRAIT

Fog, the grey blanket, settles over
the city—wet and cold.
The drab brown streets are deserted.
Smoke from the factories hangs in
the air
And slowly fades away.
At the far end of the city, dark
lonely waters lap a silent pier.

WILBUR CORBIN, twelfth, Spalding Institute, Peoria
Sister Louise, teacher

THE NIGHT, BLANKET OF MYSTERY

We set up camp in the deep, dark woods
As night began to fall;
We built a fire and cooked our food
As darkness covered all.

Engulfed by the night, blanket of mystery.

The moon rose high, and the stars appeared
Above our cheery site;
The trees sang out with the evening breeze,
The firewood dimmed its light.

Just a flicker in the night, blanket of
mystery.

We lay on our backs and looked at the stars
That peered down from the sky;
A coyote wailed at the yellow moon,
We heard his mournful cry.

Thinking of the night, blanket of mystery.

We wondered what lurked in the woods
That was not seen in the day;
We were armed with rifle, knife, and ax,
Prepared for any fray.

What is concealed in the night, blanket
of mystery?

We fingered our guns, and lay awake,
The night seemed, oh, so long;
The sentinel owl lurked near our camp
And hooted his warning song.

Beware of the night, blanket of mystery.

The morning sun rose o'er the hill,
The woods awoke with light;
We broke up camp and travelled on
Until another night.

Thus has faded the night, blanket of
mystery.

ROGER CLARK, eleventh, Ottawa Twp. H. S.
Keith Clark, teacher

SUMMER'S EVE

On a summer's eve
I sit on the grass, listening.
 Listening to the children play,
 Listening to the crickets say
 "Good night, good night."
 Listening to the night hawk's cry,
 Listening to the wind go by,
 Listening to the chapel bell
 That seems to say
 "All's well, all's well."

On a summer's eve
I sit on the grass watching.
 Watching farmers making hay,
 Watching dainty willows sway,
 To sleep, to sleep.
 Watching children, watching cars,
 Watching even shooting stars
 That seem to say
 "Sweet peace, sweet peace."

JUDY LIVDAHL, eighth, Washington Jr. H. S.
Dorothea Trump, teacher

TO TRY TO ANSWER A QUESTION

Before me stand eighteen pop bottles with nothing in them
But one has a small ant crawling up the side
And to the right there is a box of Nabisco Triangle Thins
Only the Triangles aren't thin
They're fat and sometimes I wonder if the people who make them
know they're fat and not thin like it says on the box
There is a cockroach on the floor behind me and I'd ask him to type a
few words but I don't think he would and besides no capital
letters make a poem look rather bad
On the record player is Berlioz' Symphonie Fantastique isn't it funny
the way he spells it right now the Death March is finishing and
pretty soon the cracked bell will sound you'd think the Boston
Symphony Orchestra could afford a new bell

One wonders what the Christians are up to now
Like counting ants crawling up the sides of pop bottles or
Like contemplating fat Triangle Thins or
Like thinking cockroaches can type or
Like playing with cracked bells and spelling words wrong
Or whatever it is the Christians ARE up to now

Those non-believers
Like Bertrand Russell
They keep wondering about trivialities and after all of what im-
portance are
The things they think about --
So unChristian-like
Like what is God or
Like where is God or
Like is there a God
Or whatever it is that they are up to now
For instance take elephants
Those non-believers are wondering if elephants are contagious
Every good Christian knows they're not
Have you ever tried to catch an elephant
In the words of Aldous Huxley

Christ-like in my behaviour,
Like every good believer,
I imitate the Saviour,
And cultivate a beaver.

And in the words of Thomas Stearns Eliot

For Thine is the

Right now on the record player Manny Albam is drumming the
Chant of the Witch Doctors with Ernie Wilkins and the
orchestra

What is it you are doing now, O Christians?

BYRON GRUSH, eleventh, Naperville H. S.
Leona McBride, teacher

FISH

Fish jumping, frolicking,
Their sleek sides gleaming like unsheathed swords,
A tiny fly, landing on water,
Snatched by a rocket, rising from the deep
And still rising—
Now in water—now in air—
Shaking like a bulldog,
Then plunging down again.

LEE LITTLEWOOD, ninth, Hyde Park H. S., Chicago
Helen Planer, teacher

THE DIARY

In the attic in a dusty nook,
I discovered a time-worn book.
On turning every yellowed leaf
I read of love and joy and grief.
I read youth's story, blurred with tears,
Day-by-day through troubled years;
Of one who loved and lost and cried
Until the ache within him died;
Of one who wandered restlessly;
Of one who had no destiny.
But then I cast the book aside.
Somehow I knew I had not pried;
I'd read before its every line.
You see, my friend, the book was mine.

KAY HENSLEY, eleventh, Eisenhower H. S. Decatur
Helen Hunsinger, teacher

INDIFFERENCE

Indifference—a stealthy viper—slithers unnoticed
through the tall jungle grass

of

American
values

The jungle grass moves sluggishly,
slightly stirred by

a

warning
breeze

“Beware!” the breeze moans to the grass.
“Callousness and insensibility are a greater
threat to your existence than the

Red

Forest
fire!”

Ignored, the muted breeze
dies

away

A smoky haze of bored neutrality
settles over the jungle plain

as

night
approaches

The separate grass stems
infinite

in

number

Are hopelessly entangled and entwined
with

one

another

They soothe each other to sleep
in the jungle night with a

lullaby

of

apathy

And the viper indifference, unnoticed,
slithers
on

ALANNA HEISS, twelfth, Jacksonville H. S.
Emma Mae Leonhard, teacher

THE JOYS OF LIFE

A man of silent consternation,
My only fear is of civilization,
With all its dark political shrouds
And its numerous mushroom-shaped clouds.

Each day that we prepare for war,
We learn of Soviet arms galore,
As we seek a stratagem,
We're told of Russian I. C. B. M.

Although it's worried me all day,
I find much to my dismay,
There is no place to run and hide,
Either face life or suicide!

JOHN GLOOR, ninth, Glenbrook H. S., Northbrook
Charles B. Ruggless, teacher

PURSES AND PERSONALITY

One look at a handbag and one surely sees
A glimpse of a woman's innate qualities.
All sizes, all styles, and novel shapes, too,
You'll find them in colors from fuchsia to blue.
The stout woman's handbag is not often small;
The sleek-looking bag denotes one slim and tall.
The young debutante with her manners refined,
To delicate handbags is usually confined.

The woman who dresses with simplicity
 Avoids purses marked by eccentricity.
 The fashion-wise model is distinctive, too,
 With purses in styles excitingly new.
 The teenager's purse is unique from the rest,
 Its bangles and buttons are objects of jest.
 Remember this always and don't try to be
 Someone or something you're not naturally,
 By toting a handbag that's unfit for you,
 For people will notice yourself showing through.

MARIE SUSTE, twelfth, Saint Francis Academy, Joliet
 Sister Elizabeth Marie, O.S.F., teacher

THE GERMAN TEST

Leiden means to suffer,
 That's what I'm doing now.
 I've got to conjugate these verbs,
 And I don't know quite how.

Die Antwort is the answer;
 And I must get it right,
 But, I don't think I'll do it,
 Though I studied hard last night.

Schnell machen means to hurry
 And that's what I must do;
 For I've got five more questions,
 And the time is nearly through.

Ich bin fertig means I'm finished,
 And can hand my paper in.
 I only have one thing to say,
 Oh, what a test it's been!

ANN SAMUELSON, tenth, Champaign H. S.
 Dorothy Swindell, teacher

WINTER-SONG

Let the wind come,
Riding the back of the waves,
Spilling the green froth
Over the brim.
The wind dances with the bells,
Swirling the tones.
Macabre dance,
Now here, now far away.

Let the cold come,
Curling its insidious fingers
Around the city.
The blood-red sun a mockery
Of the white world.
Leaves shrivelled, stem withered,
One yellow chrysanthemum
In the dead garden.

Let the snow come.
With a soft whoosh of wings
The pigeons fly up,
Wheeling, darting.
Pigeon becomes snow, and snow pigeon.
From the secret hearts of pigeons,
Soft feathers.
Soft, soft
Snow

Let the winter come.
My mind is filled with summer
And will not make room.
Let the winter come,
But do not let winter in my heart.

WINIFRED MASON, twelfth, Hyde Park H. S., Chicago
Alta Farr, teacher

RETREAT

I know that spring is here too soon this year.
It came and sat upon the sill so near
But for a moment. Then it left before
A sparrow spread his wings below my door.
I felt the green not yet upon the leaves
And watched the drip of rain from eaves.
The clean-washed smell of sidewalks free from snow
Wound on around the houses shadowed low.
The blinking sky of stars had seen the last
Of winter melting now into the past.
A laugh rang out and hurried down the street,
The friendly sound first heard when two friends meet.
When I saw spring this year a month too soon,
The sun had faded back beyond the moon.

MOLLY STEITZ, tenth, Glenbrook H. S., Northbrook
Robert Neumann, teacher

HONORABLE MENTION

- Arlington Heights, Arlington: "The Tarnished Rainbow" by Georgia Hall (Virginia Harrod)
Berwyn, Morton West: "Supplication" by Nancy Papach (Louise Zerwer)
Bethalto, Civic Memorial: "Rain" by Dennis Berry (Dorothy Rainey)
Champaign: "What a Girl!" by Sandy Smith (Dorothy Swindell)
Chicago, Hyde Park: "The Last Round-up" by Deborah Brown (Helen Planer); Senn: "Why?" by Jerry Lazarus (Grace Lindahl)
Chicago Heights, Marian: "Kittens and Pups" by Mary Jo Cascio (Sister Mary Wilfrid)
Cicero, Morton East: "Youth" by Richard Skala (Marjorie Dietz)
Decatur, Eisenhower: "The Prettiest Lady That I Know" by Jim Guyman (Helen Hunsinger)
Des Plaines, Maine West: "November After Rain" by Ruth Gembecki; "Circles" by Anne Kulik, "Cycles" by Kathy McLaughlin (Anne Lauterbach)

- Elgin: "Contradiction" and "Pastiche" by Susan Parmacek (Enid Burns)
- Evanston: "By My Candle" by Elaine Borland (D. W. Hanebuth); "Like Pickles and Ice Cream" by Barbara Reid (Charlotte Whittaker); "The Pathology of a Liar" by Barbara Kaplan (Barbara Pannwitt)
- Freeport: "Question" by Mike Passauer (Miss Luebbing)
- Gridley: "The Fate of the Wild" by Marge Kuerth
- Jacksonville: "Sleep" by Judi Bourn, "A City by Night" by Teryl Garrison (Maurine Self)
- Lena, Lena-Winslow: "An October Night" by Penny Brown (Judith Bohm)
- Mendota: "Candle" and "The Scarlet Letter" by Jan Huss; "A Recipe for Happiness" by Donna Sondgeroth (Yolanda Unakis)
- Naperville: "Way to the Coast" by Gordon Berry; "The Snow Lies Deep" by Byron Grush; "Black Jewel" by Gordon Kipling; "Spouter Inn" by James Schap (Leona McBride); "Life" by Lorraine Osborne; "Foreboding" by Keith Kimball (Dorothy Scroggie)
- Normal, University: "The Artist" by Linda Barnes; "Windswept Ballet" by Virginia Werts (Ruth Stroud); "Sophistication" by Kay Yoder (Verna Hoyman)
- Oak Lawn: "After" by Melody Hayford (John Eckman); "Thoughts on an Empty Stage" by Dee Lilley (Margaret Barclay)
- Oak Park and River Forest: "Summer Song" by Paula Cornell; "Walking-Talking" by Ellen Dove (Mildred Linden); "A Visit with an Old Man" by David Ross (Edwin Rakow); "Aloneness" by Paul Pancotto (Lola Bane)
- Ottawa: "The Storm" by Carol Robinson (Keith Clark)
- Rockford, East: "Sunset" by Bonnie Sypher; "I Wonder" by Jill Tooley; "A Morning Walk" by Robb Tucker (Adele Johnson); West: "Tears" by Sarah Elson; "In Beatty Park, Late Summer" by John Sype (Marjorie Brittain); "Natural Phenomenon" by Joyce Smith (Maud Weinschenk)
- Rock Island, Villa de Chantal: "The Candle of Life" by Jane Schott (Sister Marie Benigna)
- Urbana: "An Observation" by Tom Freebairn (Evelyn Burgett); "To a Sonnet" by Carolyn Leach; "Time" by Richard McClintock (Rose Hewitt)
- Wenona: "Sunrise on the Lake" by Gerard Krueger; "The Cave" by Wayne Nelson (Marcia Wright)

